

You See Them in the Window

Like Cut
Cost
You
\$4



They look well,
You try them on in
the store.
They feel well,
So there can be no
question about it.
Except--
Will they wear,
We swear they
Will wear.
so there!

Kinney Shoe Company

ROSSELL MEN ARRANGE FOR COURSE MEET

Hounds to be Imported From Kansas
City and Oklahoma—Roswell News
Notes and Personal.

Roswell, N. M., Feb. 9.—The greyhound coursing meet has been arranged by Frank J. Brooks and F. G. Roberts, of Artesia, and it will be held at Roswell March 17, 18 and 19. Mr. Brooks has gone to Kansas City and Oklahoma to engage a number of the fastest dogs in this country to be brought here for the occasion.

Rev. C. F. C. Loberg, formerly rector of St. Andrew's hall in Roswell, died recently at Louisville, Ky.

George Abbey has bought about 200 tons of old cast iron here and is going to ship it to market. He says Roswell ought to have a foundry and keep its iron for use here.

George G. Coleman, son of Mrs. M. P. Coleman, is here for a two days' visit, having just returned from a trip to South American points where he sold

about \$150,000 worth of goods for the National Paper and Type company. He leaves soon for Monterey, Mexico, where he is to take charge of the company's house, to which position he has been promoted.

L. B. Boellner is building a \$4000 frame dwelling on Missouri avenue between Fifth and Sixth streets.

**TULAROSA MAN DIES IN
DES MOINES; TULAROSA LOCALS**

Tularosa, N. M., Feb. 9.—Word received here from Des Moines, Iowa, stating that S. S. Andrews, known in this county as "Sunday School" Andrews, had died there from a stroke of paralysis. He had lived in this county for several years.

Frank Curry spent a few days in El Paso this week.

Mr. Sciles, of Three Rivers, is here and will take Mr. Conner's place as night operator.

E. R. Vigil is spending a few days in El Paso.

Zenon Prado and Estefina Samora were quietly married at the Catholic church Tuesday.

S.S.S. HEALS OLD SORES

Every old sore is an external symptom of a depraved or polluted condition of the blood. These festering places on the flesh are kept open and in a state of irritation because the circulation is continually discharging into them the impurities and morbid matters with which it is filled. This polluted condition of the blood may be the remains of some constitutional trouble; the effect of a long spell of sickness, which has left the bloodstream weak and germ-infected, or because the natural refuse of the body, which should pass off through the proper avenues, has not all been eliminated and has been absorbed into the circulation. External treatment may cause the place to scab over temporarily, but the blood is not made any purer by such treatment, and soon the sore will return or break out at another place and be as bad or worse than before. S.S.S. heals old sores by removing every particle of impurity from the circulation. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and so completely changes the circulation that there is no longer any impurity to drain through the sore, but the place is once more nourished with rich, healthful blood. S.S.S. heals the sore from the bottom, the skin regains its natural color, and when S.S.S. has thoroughly cleansed and purified the blood the place is permanently healed. Book on Sores and Ulcers and any medical advice free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.



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Take The
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DINING AND LIBRARY OBSERVATION CARS,
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City Ticket Office—St. Regis Hotel.

Arizona Aviation Meet

Second in America

PHOENIX February 10-11-12

Special Round Trip Excursion Rate

From El Paso \$23.20

Sale Dates Feb. 9-10-11-12

Return Limit Feb. 14th

TRAIN SCHEDULES AS FOLLOWS:

Leave El Paso 9:55 P.M. Arrive Phoenix 2:40 P.M.
Leave El Paso 5:20 A.M. Arrive Phoenix 6:55 P.M.
Leave El Paso 7:30 A.M. Arrive Phoenix 7:00 A.M.

For further information write or apply to

R. S. STUBBS, W. C. McCORMICK,
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GRANDMOTHER'S MIRROR

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By Agnes S. Frambach.

MANY and many a time have I reflected her pretty face and shown her how charming she is. Whether I like her better clad in her tailor-made gown with her jaunty hat on, all ready for going out, or dressed richly for a party, or simply for home, I cannot decide. And she admires me, too. For one reason I am different from anything else in her room. I belonged to her grandmother and I am old fashioned. Everything else hanging in this apartment is held up by a wire, but I still retain the thick red cord put on me by her great-grandfather when he placed me in his daughter's room many years ago. This cord has often been inspected to see if it is safe for me to rely on, but no one has discovered a weak spot yet, though I myself sometimes have a feeling as if I were settling, like walls do in a new house sometimes.

Her father wanted to wire me, but she said, "No, papa, dear; with such an old fashioned frame I like the thick cord better; it seems more fitting," so the cord still keeps me in place. She says I am a "becoming" mirror, too, and always looks her last at me before leaving the room, which rather excites to envy the big cheval glass and all the other mirrors around.

One day, when she was gowned for a walk, she stood in front of me while she planned on a large bouquet of violets and, giving a quick glance around to see that her maid had left the room, she leaned forward and said, with such a sweet look in her big brown eyes, "I am going to wear them as long as they last; and I do hope I'll happen to meet him when I go out." I wanted to say, "I hope so, too, with all my heart," but then a mirror isn't supposed to have any heart. So the best I could do was to make her reflection more "becoming" than ever, and really I think she was sweeter than the violets. When she came home and took off her flowers I could see she was disappointed; but she put them carefully in water in a cut glass vase that stands on a shelf just beneath me. Then her maid came in and helped her change her gown and at this time she wore something that was soft and fluffy around her neck—something with lots of beautiful lace in it—and again, after her maid had been dismissed, she looked at me and said, "I am not going anywhere tonight, but he is coming to call on me." Then she took the lace which had fastened up, from her neck and, while inhaling their fragrance, gave them a soft little kiss, and then flushed herself the color of a wild rose. To my surprise instead of wearing the lace which she had in the afternoon, where everybody could see them out on the street, she selected only a few and put them in her hair, where I was afraid they would not even be noticed. I cannot always understand her. She is somehow different in some ways from her grandmother, with whom I was brought up and who "called a spade a spade," or would "save, if she had not been shocked and horrified at the wickedness of playing cards."

When she went down stairs I longed to go, too, but my red cord held me firm, and there I was where I could not see her; but I knew she would come back again before very long. I waited, quiet and content, for I knew if she had anything to tell she would surely confide in me, for I would never betray her confidence. And while I waited for her return I reflected that that was my mission, and I always try to do my duty on the difference between this room and that where I was first placed. Then I saw a spinning wheel in one corner of the room and several straight-backed chairs with rush seats, and on a small table a large old-fashioned silver candlestick that branched out near the top so as to hold four candles and a pair of snuffers on a tray, and a portion book for everyday reading. And then there was the great bed with its four posts and its pretty quilt, and there was one of those old-fashioned dressing tables with its silver and cut glass appointments, and here are comfortable chairs, and a couch with numerous sofa pillows, and a writing desk fitted up with every convenience, and a book, and she has her Bible, too, in a handy place, and, as her grandmother did before her, she reads her portion every day, and I believe she is better and purer and sweeter for it.

After that I must have dozed a little, for I thought I saw her grandmother standing in the middle of her room on the morning of her wedding day. She was married, I remember, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and talking and laughing and neighbors could attend the ceremony and get back to their homes in time to cook their own suppers, as many of them did. It was a June day, one of those fresh, pure, cool summer days when one must thank God for the mere joy of living. Roses grew in abundance in the front yard, and their odor, mingled with the fragrance of the honeysuckle that grew up the side of the house and sent little fragrant sprays peeping through the shutters of this girlish room, as is fresh to me now, in remembrance, as is the sweetness of the violets that are here close to me. And even my present dear little cousin never looked prettier—though more modern, of course—than that quaint little maiden of 60 summers ago; and the last look she gave before going down to the parlor, so long ago, to "be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony," before the company assembled for the joyous yet solemn

occasion, was at me. I didn't doubt then that some of the young men who had taken her to meeting and corn huskings, and barn dances, and other country frolics might have a little heartache that day when one of their number was to go to the prize and keep it and cherish it fondly forever, as I know he did, for theirs was a happy, happy life.

And now my long wait is over, for here comes my "old" back again. It must be late, she told her maid not to wait up for her tonight, and now she is coming closer to her old friend, and she looks at me in a new, critical way when she sees her reflection, and I wonder what she is thinking of, and her eyes deepen with some thought; and then the little blush comes and the dimples show, and she laughs a joyous little laugh and says, "Oh, I'm so happy! and I'm so glad I'm alive! and he's coming again tomorrow night and will ask papa before we go to the opera. I just can't go to bed yet; I want to sit up and think things over." Then she puts on one of the dainty prettiest of the room to sit in a big easy chair in front of the fire, and the glow from the coals throws a soft, ruddy light over my dear, happy little mistress.

The next night she looked positively radiant. Dressed for the opera, and with her father's consent given—for he has come to her room to tell her about his interview with her lover, and what was said, and how pleased he and her mother are, for they like him very much—she leaves the room with a look of mingled alacrity and hesitation, and I am lonely again. Presently her maid enters to put away the scattered shoes and arrange the room for the night. But before she has finished the waitress comes to the door to tell her "her young man" is down at the lower door and wants to speak with her for a few minutes. So she goes at once, leaving several valuable jewels on the dressing table, for my young lady was extra particular tonight as to what she should wear, and so looked through her precious possessions several times before she reached a decision. The few minutes stretched themselves out into a much longer time, when the door opened, and I look to see my young mistress or else the maid walk in. But instead of the dainty prettiness of the one, or the pleasant comeliness of the other, I see a dark, dirty, ill-favored face which does not look at me at all, but whose eyes shine when they see the jewels which he had stolen from her. "Ah, here's a snap," I hear him mutter, and, quickly depositing the gems in a black bag he carries, he walks stealthily across the room to the bureau; wearing the drawers she had left open, he searches the drawers of the chiffonier, then ransacks the desk, crosses back to where I hang over the dressing table and looks into the strong box that holds the jewels which he had stolen from her. In the first general grab. How to save my young lady's valuables I do not know. In a few minutes the rascal will be gone, and I cannot scream. At that moment the door opens, and in comes a man, who knows his elbow against my frame. I quiver a minute, my cord cracks, and down I come with a perfect crash.

The alarm is given. In a second there is the wildest confusion. My young lady and her sweetheart, who had returned home just before I got my blow, my father and mother and several guests were staying in the house, the maid, the butler and all the other servants come rushing up stairs. The man, dropping his booty, makes for the window, opens it, and in less time than I could have imagined possible fastens a rope to the window sill, lets himself down, and makes good his escape. But the jewels and other valuables are safe. Suddenly the father says to his daughter: "Well, this old cord that held up your favorite did us a good turn, didn't it? For, even if the glass is broken, it is of less consequence than the loss of these other things would be." But turning me over they find that my heavy, protruding frame has saved me from an untimely end. When I am stood up on the floor against the wall I see for the first time a face whose picture has been near me for several weeks. It is the kind of face I like; and while I am watching the owner of it I say to any young lady in a lone tone so the others do not hear: "Don't tremble so, darling; I know you've been frightened, but everything is all right now. Then in a louder voice he says, "I've often heard people say it is unlucky for a mirror to fall, but I disagree with them most emphatically."

"Yes," says another voice, "I think this gives them what Shakespeare would call 'the lie direct.'"

"I wonder how the thief got in, anyway," some one else remarks, and while they are all conjecturing and explaining, and talking and laughing, I hear my young lady say softly, "I hear my old mirror isn't broken. I've looked into it so often."

"Of course," he interrupts.

"No, my dear, when you've looked into yours, though, I guess," she answers back merrily.

"But just think what this one looked back at. I've often envied it in my thoughts. I don't know, though; only I would like to hang it in our home some day soon, shall we, dear?"

They are all going away now, after having seen that everything is fastened securely, though my young lady vows she will not sleep here tonight. She and he are the last to go, and as they pass through the door and out into the hall, I lose sight of them. But now they are on the third stair down, and I catch another glimpse of them. His arm around her and as she turns toward him she sees me looking at them. It startles her, and she speaks of it; and then he says something which I cannot hear, but which I know is, "That's only ourselves in the mirror. Kiss me quick, sweetheart, before any one looks back upstairs." Anyway, she looks down first, cautiously, and then—ah, then!

And that is the last I see of them, for down they go, hand in hand, each looking a little conscious, but so happy.

This morning a man came and took me away in a wagon. I shall be gone for a short time, but I know I will be well cared for and shall see her, and him, too, again, for I am to have a place of honor "some day soon in their home."

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KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE YELLOW LABEL.

All subscribers to The Herald should watch the yellow label pasted on the wrapper. The date printed thereon is the date of expiration of subscription. When a remittance on subscription account is made, this date should be changed soon after remittance is made, allowing, of course, reasonable time to reach El Paso, the subscriber should immediately call the attention of this office to the oversight. By doing this when the matter is fresh in the minds of all concerned, all further trouble and inconvenience will be avoided.

Compare the Schedules

The daily train service offered by the E. P. & S. W. System from El Paso to Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis and all points east, is incomparably the best.

3-TRAINS DAILY-3

Morning

Noon

Night

GOLDEN STATE LIMITED leaves El Paso 1:05 P. M. daily; provides an 18 car service exclusively for first class travel. Pullman standard and compartment sleepers only; Observation Club-Library car with Victrola musical recitals; unequalled dining car service; barber and valet service; magazines, daily papers, stock reports, and

14-HOURS SAVED-14

Two other excellent trains daily. Californian at 6:30 P. M. carries Pullman standard and observation sleepers. Dining Car, Buffet-Library Car, tourist sleepers, chair cars and coaches.

Chicago Special at 8:00 A. M. daily carries Pullman, sleeper, chair car and coach.

For tickets, rates, reservations or full information, call on or address.

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STEAMSHIP TICKETS SOLD TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

SPRING CARNIVAL FOR NOGALES, ARIZ.

Doctors Elect Officers—Col. Greene Is on Fishing Trip.

Nogales, Ariz., Feb. 9.—The spring carnival in progress in Nogales will close tonight.

The joyous season was opened with the parade of many beautiful and artfully wrought floats, that of the king and queen heading the procession. Children in special costume enjoyed a ball of their own on Tuesday afternoon in the plaza in Nogales, Sonora.

Tonight a grand ball attended by the elite of both sides of the line, will be the finale.

The Santa Cruz county medical association held its regular annual meeting here recently. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Dr. Doran, of Patagonia, president; Dr. V. A. Smecker, Nogales, vice president; Dr. Kingsley, Nogales, secretary and treasurer; Dr. Purdy, Censor. Dr. Gusteller, delegate.

Arrangements are being made by Senator Simon Montano, editor of the Gaceta de Cananea, to start a five column weekly paper at Nogales.

Col. and Mrs. A. T. Bird were visitors to Patagonia lately.

Assistant superintendent N. E. Bailey of the Sonora railway, and Mrs. Bailey have returned from an extended trip through the east.

George W. Atkinson recently returned from a trip to Texas, where he purchased 36 Hereford thoroughbred bulls for his ranch at Calabasas.

Mrs. Mary Gasche has arrived in Nogales and is a guest of her son, L. C. Gasche.

Ramon Vasquez is making extensive improvement in the women's department of his big store, which will be supervised by Miss Margaret Clemmons, late of Pittsburgh, Kansas.

Guttmacher, of Rothschild Sons & Co., of Chicago, and Havana, is on a visit to Wm. Schuckmann, president of Las Dos Naciones Cigar company.

J. E. McIntyre recently purchased the residence lot owned by H. J. Temple on Marsh Heights and will in the near future erect a handsome residence thereon.

A. M. Conard is on a visit to his family here from his mine, Coble Grande, in Sonora.

Col. W. C. Greene, accompanied by Mrs. Greene and mayor and Mrs. Arnold of Cananea, recently passed through Nogales en route to Guaymas in the Greene private car Verde for a fishing trip.

Mary Tatum and Lucy Reagan were recent visitors from Patagonia.

Mrs. A. S. Henderson is in the city from Patagonia.

Needful Knowledge

El Paso People Should Learn to Detect the Approach of Kidney Disease.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are so unmistakable that they leave no ground for doubt. Sick kidneys excrete a thick, cloudy, offensive urine, full of sediment, irregularity of passage, or attended by a sensation of scalding. The back aches constantly, headaches and dizzy spells may occur and the victim is often weighed down by a feeling of languor and fatigue. Neglect these warnings and there is danger of dropsy, Bright's disease, or diabetes. Any one of these symptoms is warning enough to begin treating the kidneys at once. Delay often proves fatal.

You can use no better remedy than Doan's Kidney Pills. Here's El Paso proof:

J. T. Stapleton, lawyer, 1011 Myrtle Ave., El Paso, Texas, says: "Years ago I suffered from a severe case of Bright's disease. My kidneys were much disordered, which was shown by the unnatural condition of the kidney secretions and finally my ankles began to swell. At that time Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my notice and I procured a box at Kelly & Pollard's drug store. They entirely removed the swelling from my ankles and benefited me in every way."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Call Bell 115, Auto 1115, tell what you wish to buy, sell or rent, and The Herald will do the rest.

VAUGHN CHAMBER LETS CONTRACT FOR WELL

Rev. J. M. Johnson Resigns to Take Charge of Clovis and Sunnyside Churches—Vaughn Notes.

Vaughn, N. M., Feb. 9.—The chamber of commerce had its regular meeting recently. The water committee appointed some time ago has closed a deal with H. C. Rule to bore a well in the town limits.

W. E. Mays has bought a fine span of mules from a ranch near Buchanan, N. M.

Rev. J. M. Johnson has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church here to take charge of the churches at Clovis and Sunnyside, N. M. Rev. C. J. Walker of Lucile, N. M., has been called to fill the place of Rev. Mr. Johnson.

R. I. Pease, of Buchanan, was here lately.

H. C. Hodges and J. C. Kobe are adding

ing a wareroom to their place of business.

Mrs. C. E. French is very ill and not expected to live.

Miss Blanch Overton, who has been visiting relatives in Rasos has returned to Vaughn.

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Directory

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BASEMENT
Palace Cafe, H. B. Thompson, Prop.

FIRST FLOOR
El Paso Herald Offices.
A. H. Richards, Jeweler.
International Book Co.
Miss Pauline Hilpert, Dress making Parlors.

SECOND FLOOR
H. L. Howell, Real Estate agent Herald Bldg.
Y. W. C. A. Lunch and Rest Room.

THIRD FLOOR
The Public Stenographers Co.
Mrs. Jessie E. M. Howe and Miss Ruth Williams, Proprietors.

The Wm. Jennings Co., Engineers and Machinery merchants.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Reading Room.

Mrs. A. P. Thompson, Mrs. Wm. Noble, China Decorations.
Mrs. Satterlee & Satterlee, Osteopaths. Dr. Flora Satterlee and Dr. Nettie Satterlee.

Carter & Robertson, Mill, Mine and Smelter Supplies.
The Standard Home Company, E. L. Joseph, District Manager.

Mrs. J. B. Case and Miss Garra, Dressmaking.
Ludlow-Saylor Wire Co.
J. E. Robertson, Mgr.

Royal Jackman, Upper Valley Investments.

Dr. G. E. CAMERON
Dentist

Full Set Teeth (best teeth) \$10.00
Reliable dentistry at reasonable prices.

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PURINA POULTRY FEEDS

are a mixture of over a dozen varieties of grains and seeds. They contain absolutely no grit which makes weight. They contain absolutely no burnt or smutty wheat. Your chickens will thrive upon this feed—it's no secret, but a practical poultry raiser, come in and ask for a sample of it.

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